O LEAVE ME TO MY SORROW

WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE

THE MUSIC COMPOSED & INSCRIBED TO

MISS GERTRUDE V. JAMES

OF URBANA. OHIO.

BY

HENRY D. SOFGE.

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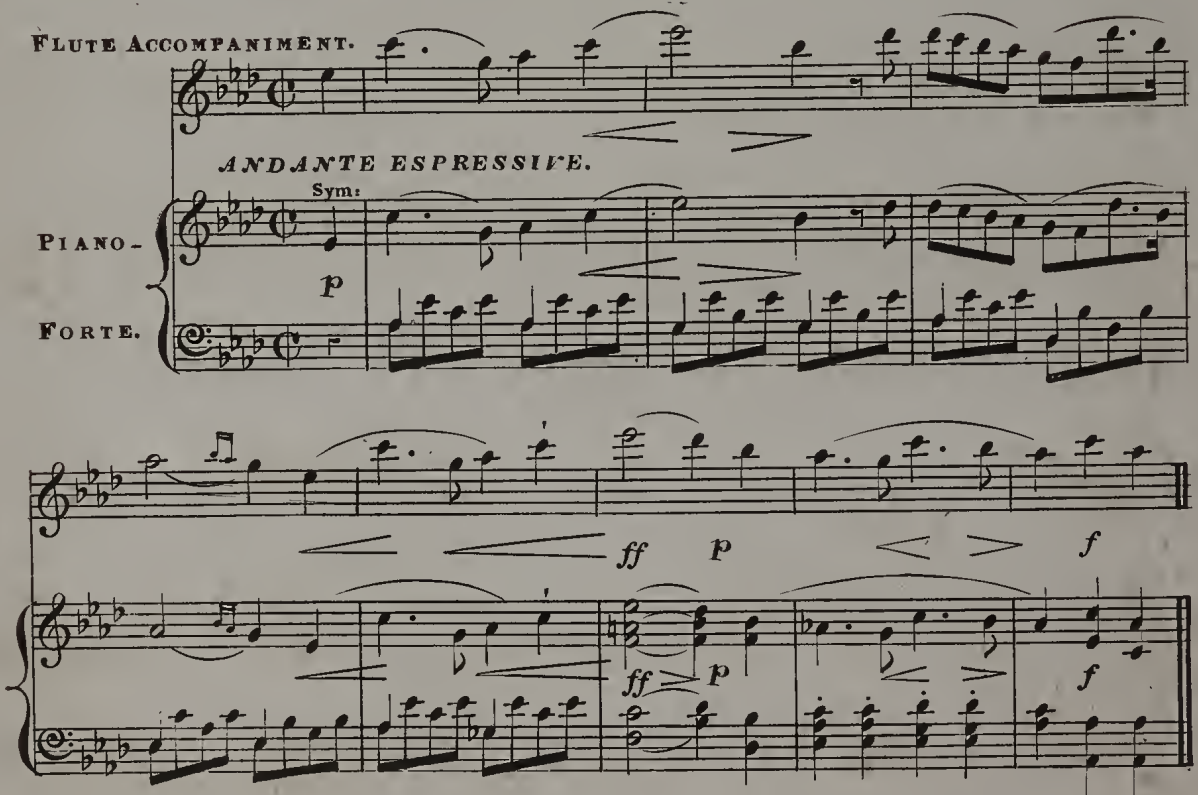
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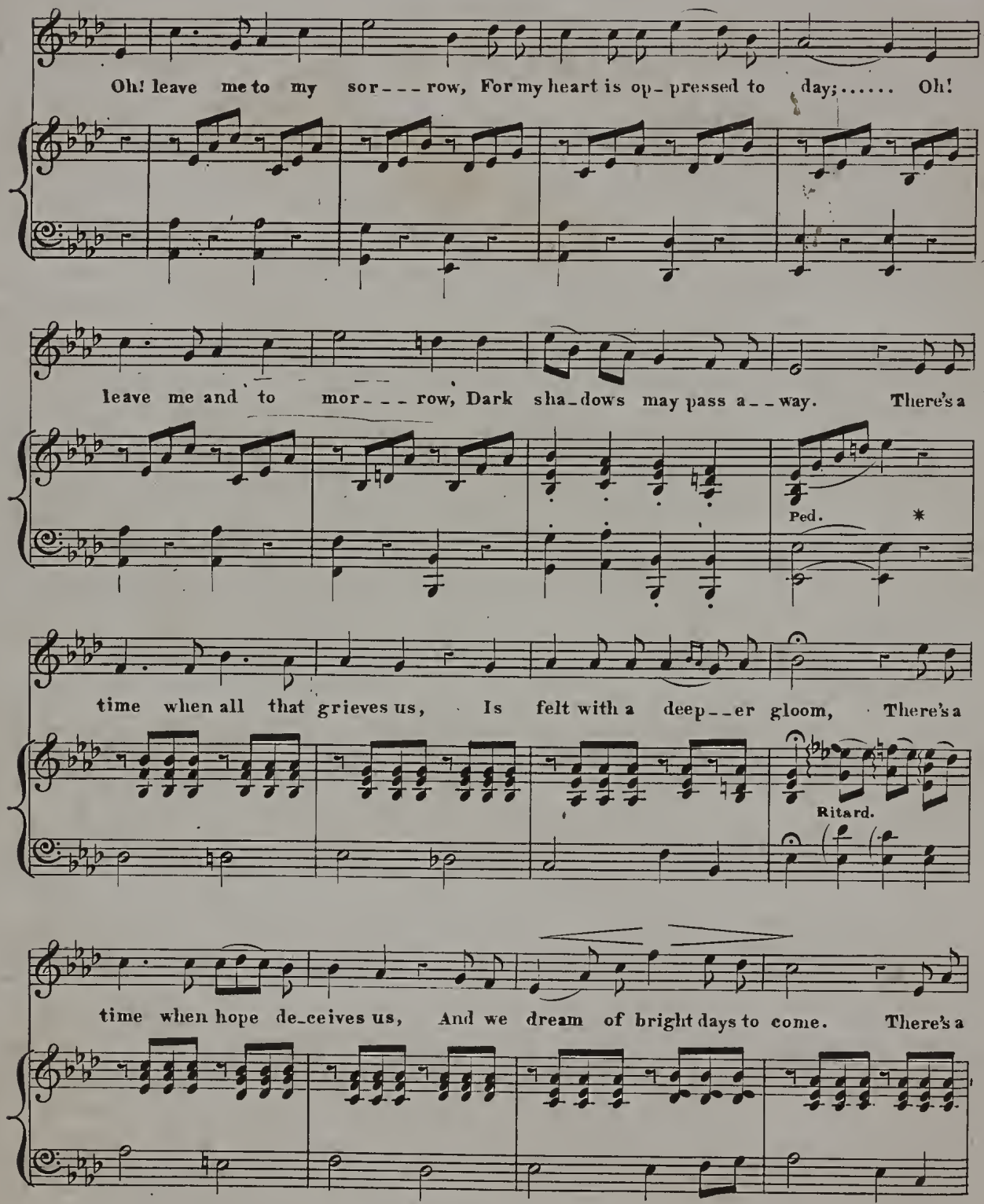
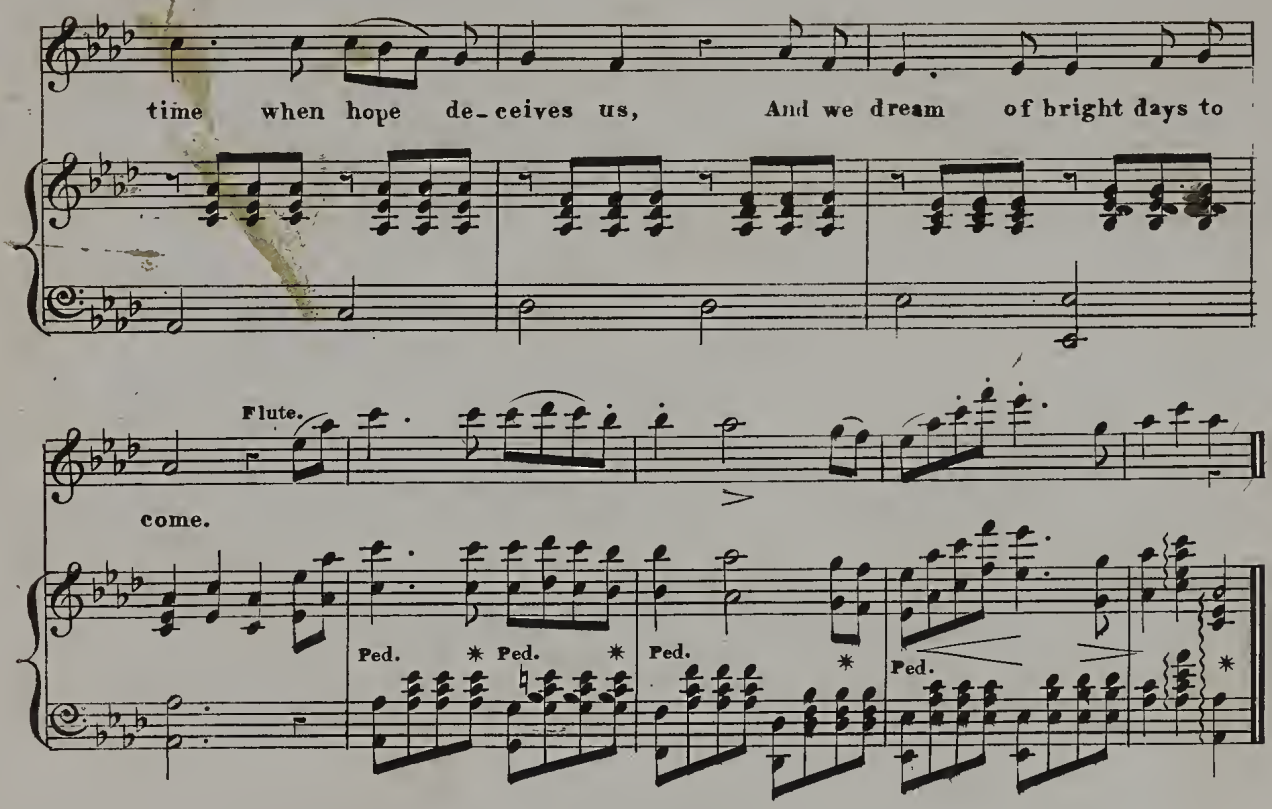

Oh! leave me to my sor - - - row, For my heart is op - pressed to day; . . . . . Oh!
leave me and to mor - - - row, Dark sha - dows may pass a - - way. There's a
Ped.
*
time when all that grieves us, Is felt with a deep - - er gloom, There's a
Ritard.
time when hope de - ceives us, And we dream of bright days to come. There's a



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In winter from the mountain,
The stream like a torrent flows;
In summer the same fountain,
Is calm as a child's repose.
Thus in grief the first pangs wound us,
And tears of despair gush on,
Time brings forth new flowers around us,
And the tide of our grief done.

3

Then heed not my pensive hours,
Nor bid me be cheerful now;
Can sunshine raise the flowers
That droop on a blighted bough?
The lake in the tempest wears not
The brightness, its slumber wore;
The heart of the mourner cares not
For joys, that were dear before.

She comes to come and lay with him.